

P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y

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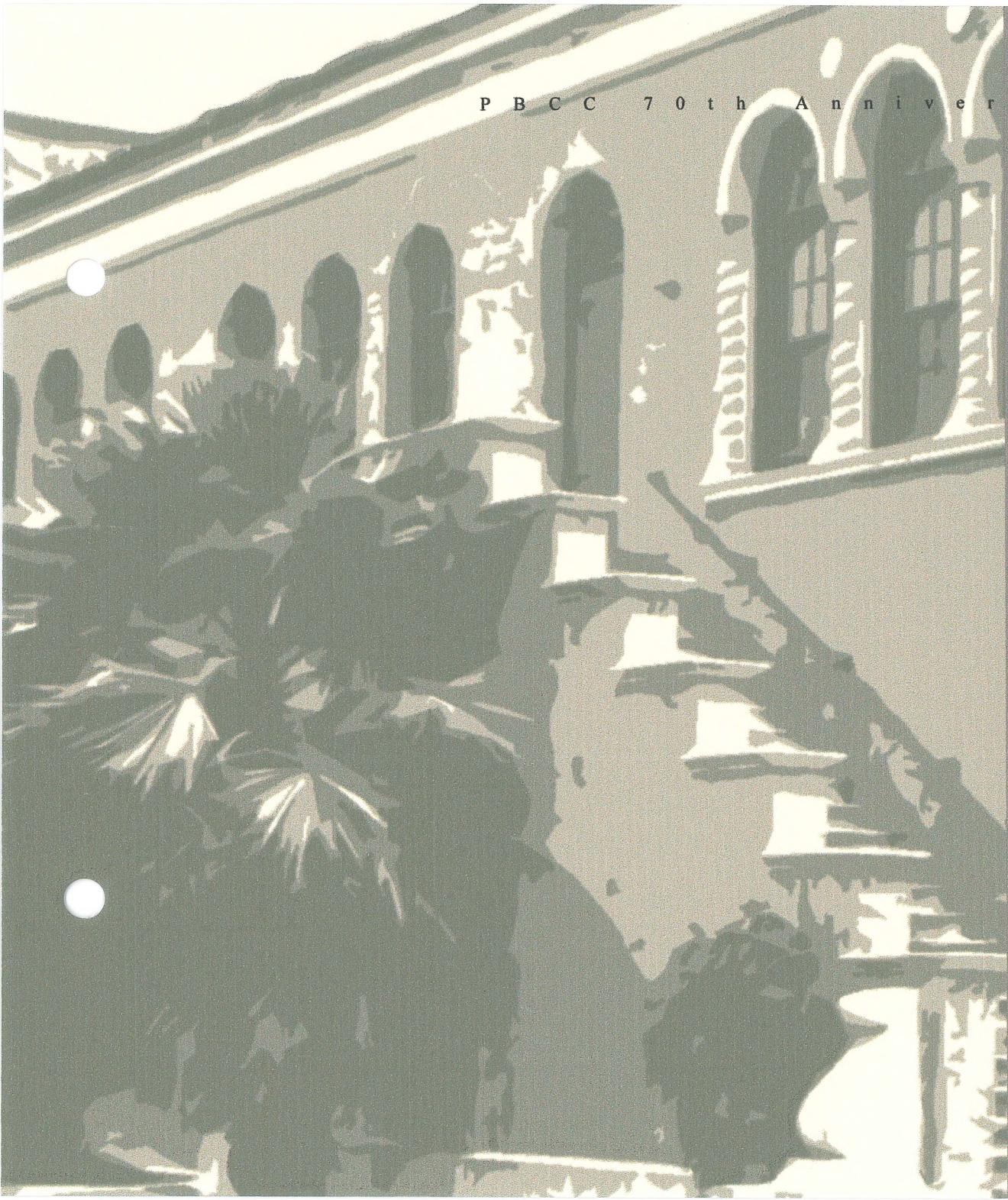
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P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y



In the Beginning: 1933-1948

P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y



Story
1

by Muriel Rowley Haynes, class of 1936

I grew up on Gardenia Street. I graduated from Palm Beach High School in 1936 and I went for one year at JC when it was there on the hill. The teachers taught their high school classes, and then during their free period they would teach whatever was needed for the college. We only had one class in the building on the hill, and the rest of our classes were at the high school. The teachers went back and forth.

I think that having amazing teachers that I had thought so much of in high school just made it twice as good. The college overall was such a small group that we bonded.

Story
2

by Virginia Peters McNair, class of 1946

Everybody called me a brain since I knew how to take a test. Word got around. One semester, I decided I was going to drop Spanish, so I didn't study. I figured,

why bother? I was going to drop it anyway. However, I found out I couldn't drop it, so I had to make up most of the work in the last week of class. I made a D — the first D I ever got in my life. But I also made more friends than I had ever had in my life!

I later went back to college to earn my bachelor's degree. It took me 10 years to do it — one class at a time. I finally received my bachelor of science degree in 1971. But because I got that D in Spanish back in 1946, I couldn't get my bachelor of arts degree!

by Doris Cline, class of 1947

Story
3

I attended college with the veterans of World War II and graduated from PBJC in 1947.

The Palm Beach High School teachers with master's degrees used their planning periods to teach college classes, so we had many classes at the high school. I was the only woman in chemistry class. We paid \$50 for tuition and \$50 for books.

Life was slow. If I didn't have a class, I went to the SUB (student union building), where we played ping pong and pinochle and talked a lot. The veterans at PBJC were just glad to

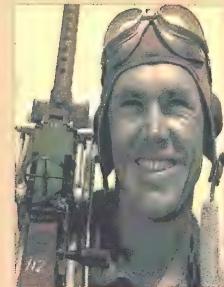
be home and safe. The girls were not very sophisticated. Everybody knew everybody. I remember having an economics and social science teacher from Harvard, and Miss Rachel Crozier (one of PBJC's first teachers) was very strict and would give you a bad grade if you had mistakes on your papers, like misspelled words. I had good experiences at the college. It was a very happy time in my life. I'll always treasure the memories of the faculty and students.

by Virginia Peters McNair, class of 1946

Story
4

Down on the corner was "The Hut" where everyone would go with a date or with your friends. If you wanted to be seen, you got out of the car and walked to the ladies' room around the side. My mouth still waters when I think of hamburgers and root beer floats down at The Hut.

P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y



Moving To Morrison Field ... The GIs Return From WWII: 1948-1951

P B C C 70 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y



by Warren Tatoul, class of 1951

Story
5

I went to Palm Beach High, so I remember the historical building. I also remember Morrison Field, which had a country club atmosphere with officer's quarters, a pool and a clubhouse for dances. Some of the barracks were converted to dorms and there were students from South America, especially Columbia.

My sister went to PBJC at Lake Park, and we'd go to their parties in the Mirror Ballroom. It was the big, fun thing to do in town. It was a super time with a real family atmosphere. So many people I've known went to Palm Beach Junior College, went on and then came back to work in the community. Back then it was a small school and everyone knew everyone. It was a nice jumping off place.

I later earned my doctorate at Nova and became the first juvenile court psychiatrist in Palm Beach County. I spent two terms as mayor of North Palm Beach in the mid 60s.

by Eddie King, class of 1949

*Story
6*

I started off at PBJC on the hill (first location), and to move out to the field (Morrison Field) was really an accomplishment. It was an ideal situation for a small college. We had classrooms in the old hospital and covered walkways. Many of us were GIs going through the same changes and using the GI Bill to go to college. We weren't like freshman straight out of high school. The GIs were more settled and sincere in what they were trying to accomplish. We enjoyed PBJC, but it was work, too. The teachers were very dedicated and helpful.

Whenever we had problems, our president, Dr. John I. Leonard, would call the president of the student body and we'd talk things over. He was very sincere in getting things accomplished for the college.

Professor Watson B. Duncan started at Morrison Field, and we became friends. He was closer to our age and more of a friend than a faculty member. I remember that Gene Krupa (jazz legend) performed in one of the hangars.

(Article originally run in the 10/29/48 edition of *The Beachcomber*; p. 11, author unknown)

Story
7

The enrollment of Palm Beach Junior College has, this year, far exceeded that of any other year, according to Miss Miller of the office. This year, 300 students are attending Palm Beach Junior College, 134 of which are young women.

Quite a few of the students are from Lake Worth. Also there are eight students who come to the college from other states. This, of course, is very gratifying to the college.

by Ed Eissey, Ph.D., class of 1950, third president of Palm Beach Community College

Story
8

I had the great honor of rounding up freshman to clean out the pool when the college moved to Morrison Field in 1948. We had a marvelous time there. We had between 300-400 students, and we had a beach party almost every week, a dance every week and all sorts of activities in the SUB (student union building). We became a great group together.

I received the first athletic scholarship to PBJC for \$50, which paid for all my courses and books. The returning GIs had a great impact on PBJC; it was no longer considered the 13th and 14th grades. We had tremendous curriculum changes such as vocational courses to assist veterans, business courses, pre-law and pre-med courses.

Our president then was John I. Leonard, who was a handsome gentleman, a wonderful man and a peaceful person who loved young people. Dr. Leonard was a pioneer in junior college growth who visited classes, attended the ball games and knew everybody's name.

Story
9

by David McNair, class of 1948

I became a student after I was discharged from the service in 1945, one of the many returning servicemen. I started at PBJC in 1946. We (veterans) changed a few things. For example, they wanted us to take a P.E. class, and we all said, "No way. We had enough of that!"

Story
10

by Cal Vittum, class of 1949

We knew how to take a gun apart. We knew how to fly an airplane. I was trained to make split second decisions with the military experiences we had gone through. I would sit in a class and by the time the tests were passed out, I would get up and hand mine in.

The first year I was at JC, I don't think anybody ever heard of me there. I kept my mouth shut, got to know some people — I looked, I learned, I listened. I had no career goals. My purpose was to enjoy. Period. Being there was about personal development of the individual.

When I came back from the war, I wanted to go back in time to learn how to be a human being again, and that's what I did there.

by Luther Arendell, class of 1949

*Story
11*

There was a veteran's page in "The Beachcomber," and it told how many vets were there in '48 and '49, and it was about 50 percent. We had to learn a whole new life again. You didn't have to kill anybody. You didn't have to wake up with someone shooting at you.

by Luther Arendell, class of 1949

*Story
12*

The faculty was accessible practically at any time that the student wanted to sit down with them. It just happened that we were students and they were teachers, but when they weren't in the classroom, they acted like students. Everybody there was an integral part of what was going on.



The Little Orphan College ... Moving to a Permanent Home: 1952-1973

by Don Whitman, retired professor

Story
13

I was hired in 1954 as a part time college/high school teacher – I taught half days at Palm Beach High and half days at the Lake Park campus at the city hall. Three classes at the high school and three classes at college, and seven miles and lunch in between. I finally bought a house in Riviera Beach so that on my way between the two schools, I could stop off for lunch!

by Rosanne Kalil Bush, class of 1957

Story
14

I was in the first graduating class from Central Campus, so I went one year in Lake Park and one year in Lake Worth. That was quite a nice experience going to the Lake Park campus at city hall! We didn't really have a place for P.E., so we had archery and volleyball out in the courtyard outside. We would go to the causeway on Singer Island and do water skiing.

Of course, the mirrored ballroom was the center of our activities. We had a 40-year reunion in 1997 and we had our dance in the mirrored ballroom. The funny thing about that was back then when we had dances, the bunny hop was popular, but they wouldn't let us do it because the building wasn't strong enough. But when we went back for our 40-year reunion, they had renovated it and they said we could do it. Monte Markham had come back to join us from California and he led the bunny hop. He was so excited he got to do that.

Monte Markham is just a wonderful person and a good friend. He did different types of acting than Burt Reynolds, so he never got the publicity that Reynolds got because he did Shakespeare. But he was wonderful.

Story
15

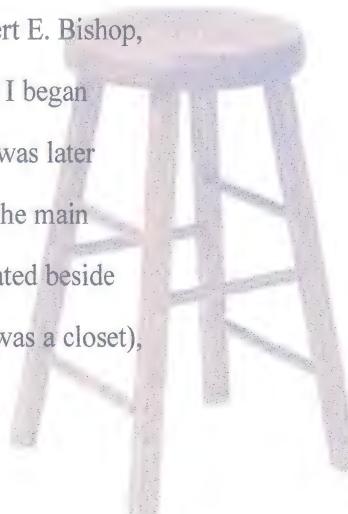
As I Recall - The Step Stool

(Available for Viewing in Paul J. Glenn Student Services Center at Lake Worth, Room 101.1)

by Barbara Medlock, PBCC graduate, PBCC Associate Registrar

When I graduated from Lake Worth High School in 1954, I intended to find a secretarial job since I could not afford to go to college; however, my doctor's wife decided I needed to continue my education so she contacted PBJC to see if there were some scholarships available. Financial aid was not plentiful at that time, but she was told the college needed some clerical assistance and set an appointment for me to meet with Dr. Leonard, the president. So that summer I made my way north to the Lake Park Town Hall, where the college was then located, and began my lengthy journey with PBCC.

In 1954, the PBCC entire office staff was John I. Leonard, President; Elbert E. Bishop, Registrar; Edna Wilson, Secretary; and Eddie Simmons, Custodian. When I began working in the office, it was located in the front area of the town hall but was later moved to a modular unit (then referred to as a portable) to accommodate the main office area (president, registrar, and secretary). This modular unit was located beside the town hall and outside the doorway to "my" office (which at one time was a closet),



and the college records were stored on shelves in this area. Since the top shelves were too high to be easily reached, Eddie Simmons made, and proudly presented to us, this step stool.

As you will observe, it has some defects — some holes in the top — perhaps a little rough around the edges — but we could use it to reach higher. It gave us just that little edge.

After working in the office that summer and the next year (when I was not in a class), I married and became a full-time employee just in time to help move the college from Lake Park to a temporary location in the Lake Worth City Hall while construction was being finished on the Congress Avenue site. The step stool moved with us to the city hall and later moved to our “first permanent campus.”

While I was raising my family, I left the college for a few years, but when my youngest daughter graduated from high school in 1982, I came back to PBCC, and Eddie's step stool was still being used. These pieces of wood and nails, fashioned together by a college employee, moved from Lake Park, to Lake Worth City Hall, then to 4200 Congress Avenue.

It continued to be used in our vault area until, during our move to the modular units this year while the Paul Glynn building was renovated, I relocated it to my office — concerned that it and the history about it might be lost and forgotten.

When this step stool was created, we had only a few hundred students, but it has continued to help others through the years. Looking at it, you will have to admit it looks great for nearly fifty years old. It has now been replaced with fancy items that roll and lock, but this one helped bring us to this point in our college history.

I like to think this step stool is part of what PBCC is about — **the lift to take us a little higher** — whether we want to continue educational pursuits or vocational pursuits or just to keep active and continue to learn for whatever reasons. This step stool is tangible but there are also those intangibles we create. I did not create something useful like this step stool, but I hope there are some of those intangibles out there that I did create — which also may have some holes or be a little

rough — but still able to help others. When I began working at the college, it was not just to make a living, but also to make a difference. I consider myself honored to be a part of PBCC history and privileged to have worked for all four of the presidents of PBCC.

Maybe I can — maybe you can — provide that little extra “lift” (like this step stool has done) to allow others to reach higher and achieve their goals and dreams.



Little Orphan College

by Barbara Medlock, PBCC graduate, PBCC associate registrar

Story
16

In the summer of 1954 the college was located temporarily in Lake Park Town Hall, where I met the first president of Palm Beach Community College, Dr. John I. Leonard. Dr. Leonard was a white-haired gentleman with dark, bushy eyebrows and a little twinkle in his eyes that let you know right away he had a sense of humor.

Though we were small, we were still busy. Dr. Leonard's favorite saying was: "I am as busy as a one-armed paper hanger."

I recall how thrilled Dr. Leonard was when the County Commission gave the college the site in Lake Worth for a permanent home! After we moved, we had a switchboard and even electric typewriters. When we first opened, the drainage on the Lake Worth site was not at all adequate, and when it rained, a canoe was needed to get to class or work.



P B C C 70th Anniversary Anthology



by Constance Berry Skinner, class of 1960, former "Galleon" editor

*Story
17*

When I came to PBJC in Lake Worth in 1958, there was nothing on the campus but a couple of buildings and a lot of water, but we got a great education. I was a biology major who blew them out of the water with how much I knew when I went on for my bachelor's degree. We were like little pioneers in one of those places that stays in your heart.

The college was built around us while we were there, and we were always under water, it seemed...so much so that we named the waters around us: The Marshes of Glynn, Lake Manor, and Lake Here Today Gone Tomorrow, among others.

I did a lot of theater under the direction of Frank Leahy , but we had no auditorium, so all our plays were done in the student center either in the round or corridors style or whatever unique way Mr. Leahy could invent. When I went to Mercer University in Georgia as a theater major, I was amazed to find a regular theater stage with real curtains to pull. What an idea!

by Professor Jim Tanner, dean of academic affairs, South Campus, retired

*Story
18*

When I came in 1965, the college was restarting athletics after many years without them. I was the basketball coach and physical education instructor. We had black players by my second year. We didn't have a gym, so we played at John I. Leonard High School, which was a new school then. We had a Faculty Senate, and Dr. Manor was president. We had a Faculty Wives Club that had gatherings. It was a family atmosphere: all for one and one for all. I don't recall racial tension, but I'm sure there was some among certain groups. The staff members from Roosevelt (Junior College) were top notch. We were very lucky to have them.

by Alice Duxbury, associate professor, English, retired

*Story
19*

Between the buildings, where the patios are raised now so when it rains it just settles around the plants, there would be solid water maybe knee-high when it rained. Another teacher told me that some of the students brought a boat over and they would ferry people from one building to another.

P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y



When I came here in the 60s, I would be up in what is now the Classroom A wing, and it would rain. Then the frogs would start up. It would be a matter of making a point in class and there would be this “Croak!” from outside. It just got hilariously funny. We had come to expect it. Somebody would say something and then the frogs would comment outside. It was delightful.

*Story
20*

by John Schmiederer, vice president of workforce development

I came to PBCC as a biology instructor in 1968, the year we were no longer under the school district’s administration and became an independent entity with our own board. I taught microbiology for the health professions, and we made our own media and cultures, using ponds as incubators for microscopic organisms and had a lab outside the science building. We had an IBM mainframe computer and used punch cards for enrollment; the students and teachers would swap them.

The school was very traditional and the boys’ hair had to be above the collar and their shirt-tails tucked in, or they would not be allowed in to register. The girls had to wear skirts.

by Sonia M. Ortiz, administrative assistant, Transition to Teaching Program, class of 1974

Story
21

Back in 1969, I was part of the Belle Glade Junior High Chorus and we had been invited to come to PBJC along with other groups to perform. It was so hot in the gymnasium that many of the students starting fainting. I did not faint, but because I am so tiny, someone beside me fainted and dragged me down the bleachers, and I was almost knocked unconscious. Paramedics were on the scene and took us both to JFK Hospital.

At about 5 p.m., they said we could go home. Can you imagine a nine-year-old stranded in a big city (compared to Belle Glade)? The nurse was very nice and said not to worry. About 20 minutes later, Dr. Manor and his wife appeared in the emergency room. He called our parents and told them not to worry and then drove us to our homes. I will never forget how kind they were: they consoled us and fed us. I remember looking up at Dr. Manor from the back seat and seeing him smile (when the car lights shined on his face) and telling us to rest and not to worry. I do not remember who the other student was, but I remember I was the last to be dropped off.

I was fortunate to see Dr. Manor again before he passed away. He and his wife were walking in front of the cafeteria area on their way to an activity. I stopped them and related this event to him. He was all smiles and just as kind as I remembered him.

by Bob Justice, class of 1974

Story
22

I was at PBCC part-time and full-time from 1968 to 1974. As chair of the entertainment committee, "Spirit and Traditions," I had seen the Allman Brothers Band at small Florida festivals and I was firmly convinced they would be famous. We paid less than \$5,000 for the total package, and they performed in the gym. It was standing room only. In less than a year, they were getting tens of thousands in the audience.

We had a series of concerts in the Student Union, mostly South Florida bands, including Coventry, a heavy metal band from Ft. Lauderdale. A Lake Worth man did Riverstix light shows for the concerts. We had movie nights with 16 mm projectors and double movies — "Billy Jack" and "The Vanishing Point," and "And Now for Some Completely Different by Monty Python," "The Owl and the Pussycat" and "What's up, Doc?" with Barbara Streisand. We also had cartoons with them; the students loved the weekly concerts. We did many things to promote the events, with posters by commercial artists. Brown Bag Graphics did silk screen T-shirts & posters, and all our posters had complex little drawings featuring the "Son of SG," a cartoon character like Kilroy who would comment on the degradation of the planet with comments like "People are pigs."

At the end of term we had an “End of the World Pollution Dance.” We held a series of coffeehouses in the cafeteria with acoustic performances and folk music. All those things got people’s attention. Our budget wasn’t large, but we managed to have lots for people to do. We stretched our dollars and the events were well attended.

P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y

Watson B. Duncan: 1948-1991

by May Lindgren, class of 1970

*Story
23*

Watson B. Duncan was a great teacher and such a showman. No matter what he said, you listened, and you got it. He would be so theatrical so that if you didn't get it the first way, you got it by looking at this man. I don't think I ever saw that theatre when it wasn't full for his classes. It was a really great experience.

Everyone used to ask him, "Why do you stay here?" because he had all these credentials. So he said, "I would rather be a big fish in this little pond than a little fish in a big one."

by Honey Duncan, widow of Watson B. Duncan, class of 1985

*Story
24*

Duncan was a funny teacher, but you knew he meant it when he told you that this is the way it is going to be — you didn't goof off. He liked to give a talk about something in class, and then he ended it with something that had nothing to do with his talk, kind of a flippant remark. He just made it so interesting. He could explain

grammar, the difference between lie and lay and effect and affect, when before you had never gotten it straight. But he could explain it so that you knew exactly what it was. He was just such a good teacher, making it interesting and funny. He used to say that “first you’ve got to get their attention. Once you get their attention, then you can teach them.” So he would always have something funny to say. Students were afraid they were going to miss something, so they would listen.

When the college was in Lake Park, we just had the town hall. On the corner there was this community church that would let the college have the classes in there during the week because it wasn’t in use. Watson would teach there, and he would jump around and raise his hands and voice, until one day the ceiling fell down in the church. It just happened at the exact time he yelled.

Duncan had his classes in the mirrored ballroom in the town hall. It had French doors, and they didn’t have screens, so they would have to open their doors for air. They would open the French doors and the pigeons would come in and get up in the rafters, so the students would put their English Lit books over their heads to protect themselves.

Duncan taught an evening class every Tuesday night. One night he had forgotten his belt and when he began to wave his arms, the button popped on his trousers and they started sliding down. They never let him forget that one.

There was a girl that everyone had told she shouldn't be in college, but she came and talked to Duncan. Somehow he inspired her, and she became a teacher. If he had not talked to her, she later told me she would have believed the stories about her being slow and incapable of learning.

Duncan was very modest in all of his talents, but he saw himself as a good teacher. He said he had a good role model, a professor that he had had in South Carolina. He probably could have gone somewhere else, but he loved it here. He loved the college, and he loved the area, the sunshine and the warmth. He never wanted to go anywhere else, and he never wanted to do anything but teach. He loved it.

When Duncan died, I got so many letters from people that wanted to tell me that they felt they could go to him and tell him anything and that he would understand and that he would help them.

by JoAnn Reynolds-Hufner, Ed.D., class of 1967

*Story
25*

When I came to the college, Watson B. Duncan was the most recommended teacher and I made sure I got in his class, which at the time was 100 strong and in the auditorium. I sat in the front row and took copious notes. He certainly brought Shakespeare alive, and you had to really study for his exams. The entire class was totally mesmerized by his teaching, and you just got it. It was unbelievable. I'm still touched and influenced today by this great teacher.

When we had our final exam, everybody was so nervous. We all came in and sat two chairs apart and the next thing we knew, he came waltzing in wearing blue jeans and a bright green T-shirt that said "Shakespeare" on one side, and "The Big S" on the other. He was skipping up and down the aisles with a yo-yo, which loosened up everybody, and they probably did much better on the exam.

Duncan knew I had a love for writing poetry and one time he spent two hours with me giving me suggestions. He read 10 of my poems, ranked them, and gave me two or three pages of suggestions. I think I still have those notes.

We saw the Duncans occasionally, whenever Burt Reynolds was here. We went to plays and when Burt's dinner theatre opened in 1978, my family had a special place where we sat. We'd always see Duncan and Honey there. A few times we were together for holidays, once for Christmas at the Burt Reynolds ranch, and one New Year's Eve we climbed into a tree house. Burt and Dinah (Shore), Duncan and Honey, Jim and I sat on the floor and just shared experiences and told stories for the evening, and sometimes we just listened to the quiet in the middle of 160 acres.

When I think of great people, Duncan is always at the top. He was just amazing, and his Southern accent sounded a lot like Billy Graham in his pronunciation of words. When you listened to him speak, he brought you right into whatever it was he was projecting and teaching. You were right there, like riding a horse; you were a part of it. That's the way he involved his students; they became a part of whatever he was teaching, whatever the scene was, the problems, the happiness, the guilt, whatever. Every time I would see him, he would chuckle this little chuckle.



by Ed Eissey, Ph.D., class of 1950, third president of Palm Beach Community College

Story
26

I was a student in the first class Duncan taught here (1948). I didn't like tights and Shakespeare and all that stuff, and I made fun of it. Duncan was so patient with me. He took me aside and said, "I think you should leave this class and I'll give you a C." I told him I could not leave the class because my scholarship depended upon my having so many semester hours. "What do you think we should do?" he asked me. "I think I should straighten up," I told him, and I did.

My very first act when I became president in 1978 was to tell my secretary, "Tell Mr. Duncan the president would like to see him right now." When he came walking into my office, I kneeled down on one knee and said, "Mr. Duncan, I'm so sorry for the grief I caused you." He put one hand on my left shoulder and the other on my right, saying, "Oh, rise up, C student of yesteryear!" I got up, and we hugged each other and laughed. Years later I had the honor of naming the theatre on the Lake Worth campus after him.

by Honey Duncan, widow of Watson B. Duncan, class of 1985

Burt Reynolds came in the middle of the school year because he had been injured and couldn't play football. If you don't play football, you don't have a scholarship, so he thought while he was recuperating he would pick up a few classes at Palm Beach Junior College. Duncan used to tell the story of how Burt became an actor.

On the first day, Burt came in and sat in the back of the class. The next day he sat about halfway down, and by the end of the week he was in the front row. So when Duncan was having a reading for the play "Outward Bound," he told Burt to try out. Burt said he would never do that, acting and getting on the stage with makeup on.

The day of the tryout, Duncan was just about finished with the reading when Burt came wandering in. He picked up the book and said, "The dog chased the cat." Duncan said, "You've got it; you've got the role."

Three or four weeks into rehearsal, Duncan told Burt he was going to be a star.

Burt said, "You're a nice man, but you're crazy as hell."

From that play, Burt received an acting award, and then Duncan got him a part in summer stock at the Hyde Park New York Playhouse. When he was there, people from New York saw him and he got a small role in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway.

That was the beginning for him.



P B C C 7 0 t h A n n i v e r s a r y A n t h o l o g y



Politics and Integration: A Time of Turmoil: 1965-1973

by Betty Wells, class of 1969

Story
28

I graduated from PBJC in 1969. Each class had one or two black students, and we were the first to integrate the college. I could almost count how many of us there were on two hands. The college had oratorical contests, drama, athletics, and many organizations that were open to everyone. Our teachers were very fair and made us feel welcome. Many students did, too, but some did not.

I'm so thankful I had the opportunity to attend PBJC. I earned my bachelor's degree from FAU, a master's, a doctorate and a post-doctoral specialist. I've taught with the Palm Beach County School District for over 32 years.

Story
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by Professor Barbara Matthews, Ph.D., psychology, retired

It was late afternoon and I was alone in my office working and this young black female student came in and said, "Are you Matthews?" I said, "Yes." She said, "What do you have to do around here to major in psychology?" I said, "Well, why don't we talk about that?

What seems to be the concern?" She said, "I went through the registration line and a counselor asked what I would like to major in. When I told him psychology, he looked over his glasses, shook his head and said 'I don't think so.' So I asked him what I should major in. He said, 'How about marketing?' I asked, 'What's marketing?' and he said, 'You'll find out in class.'" So this student was signed up as a marketing major. What he didn't know was that this young lady was extremely well-read and very serious-minded.

After telling me her story, the student asked again, "What do you have to do around here to be a psychology major?" I told her, "You have to declare it." The student leaned across my desk, slapped her hand down and said, "I declare."

The last time I heard from that student, she had her Ph.D. in clinical psychology from the University of Michigan. Voila!

by Margaret B. Richardson, reference librarian, retired

Story
30

I was hired by Roosevelt Junior College to set up its library in 1958. Idella Wade, my assistant, and I selected over 10,000 volumes. Both of us were later transferred to PBJC. It broke my heart when the library that I had set up was disbanded and taken to PBJC. In June, PBJC workers came to Roosevelt and took everything they could take, including the chairs. Our teachers, who hadn't finished grading, had to bring card tables and chairs from home to complete their paperwork. All of us had master's degrees, so we couldn't understand why they only took six of our people.

I was fearful about coming to the college because integration was just starting, but the majority of the faculty accepted me, and some welcomed me with open arms. Most of the staff bent over backwards to make us feel welcome. I was hired to be the reference librarian in the center of the floor. When the students found out I could answer their questions, they respected me and I enjoyed helping them. The black students who transferred from Roosevelt suffered a lot because they felt they were treated and graded unfairly by the PBJC teachers. Even the white stu-

dents would tell me about it; they were upset, too. One black student from a professional family was called in by her English teacher who wanted to know who wrote her paper. The teacher said, "Black students can't write like that." She left PBJC and ended up getting a master's degree.

There were a lot of diehard racist people out there in 1965. Very few of our black students graduated because the teachers thought they couldn't learn. Those students would have made it in a climate of acceptance. At Roosevelt, the faculty took a personal interest in them, and those graduates went on to become lawyers, doctors, counselors, teachers, principals and Ph.D.s.

by Yvonne Lee Odom, class of 1966

I began at PBJC in 1964 at the beginning of integration. I had already integrated Seacrest (now Atlantic) High School; for three years I was the only black in class, so I was somewhat used to it by the time I went to college. Because of the prejudice out there, you had to be better just to be equal. I once wrote a letter to

the editor of “The Beachcomber” entitled, “I Speak for Democracy.” I argued that the opportunity to achieve should be according to ability.

I only experienced one unpleasant incident. My sociology professor was discussing old theories about one race being superior to another, which I thought was a way of brainwashing people to keep one race down. I went to my counselor, and she advised me to drop the class, saying it wasn’t “worth the battle.”

Story
32

by Professor Barbara Matthews, Ph.D., psychology, retired

In 1967 when I arrived at PBCC as a faculty member, the beginnings of the anti-war movement had begun. The Vietnam War split this country apart, and it split this campus apart. We had the hawks lined up on one side and the doves on another. This included the faculty as well as the students. I counseled men who came back from Vietnam and cried and said, “Everything is still the same. We’re still debating this issue.” Most of us weren’t hesitant to say which side we were on.

In the 60s and 70s our situation in social science was a bit different from other departments at the college. It was our responsibility in course content to deal with the issues of prejudice, stereotyping, and oppression of groups. In 1975, I developed a course in feminist psychology, and there has been two sections per term ever since. I became a lightning rod of sorts. Everybody from the Ku Klux Klan to white supremacists came down on us, especially me. Fundamentalist religious groups verbally attacked the psychologists at the school. The KKK was in their best sheets on the corner, collecting money. I received strange packages. One was a taped message that I was going to hell for teaching psychology and being concerned with racism and sexism. White supremacists left literature on the black faculty's cars. Lots of things like this happened. One man wrote in the newspaper that my nostrils flared when I taught about racism and sexism. I had no recourse, no defense. It was really troubling.

In the late 60s the women's movement closely followed the goals of the civil rights movement. PBJC was not a very welcoming place for women. When I was a student there, a teacher accused me of taking the place of a man who could "make

something out of the experience." When I got my Ph.D. I was still addressed by my colleagues as "Mrs." while others were "Doctor." There were lots of those issues where you really felt second place. That has completely changed.

I love the community college system because of its open door policy. Anybody, or more to the point, everybody can come. Students tell me there's a whole world there for them.



Expansion of the College: 1973-1990

by Professor Stafford Mooney, history, associate academic dean

Story
33

Professor Alfred Meldon (a Lake Worth lecture hall is named for him) was a spellbinding storyteller with a Columbia education. He taught in New York and his father was a labor lawyer in Palm Beach. He taught sociology and political science in the early 70s at Lake Worth and then went up to 45th Street (first site of the North campus). He was a classical pianist and a Renaissance man.

Everybody in his presence felt good.

by Dolly Hand, former Board of Trustee

Story
34

When I became a Board of Trustee in 1974, I began searching for land for a campus in Belle Glade. We'd had classes in the Belle Glade Armory and in a wing of the hospital. Many people played such important parts in opening the permanent location and later the Dolly Hand Cultural Arts Center. Everybody was so magnanimous. The College is an unbelievably important addition to the community and the entire Glades area.

Story
35

by Professor Jim Tanner, dean of academic affairs, South campus, retired

From 1971-73 I coordinated evening programs in Lake Worth, and on Dec. 1, 1973, we set up an office in the corner of Henderson Elementary School on the Florida Atlantic University campus with one room and one secretary from the Central Campus. FAU offered us classroom space and use of the library and dormitories. We started out registering students in the FAU hallways for evening classes only. Back then, FAU offered only upper division level classes. We moved four trailers onto the Henderson site for faculty and administration. The university donated 50 acres to PBJC (later 25 acres were taken back), and we had a dedication in 1982. In 1984 we brought five MODS to the site. In those days you took whatever you could get, and I remember a red sofa we commandeered going down the highway. The staff laid patio stones around the MODS.

Anything we wanted to get done, we had to do ourselves. We had a lack of facilities, but few complaints. People like to be a part of something from the beginning, something new.

We developed a cooperative program with FAU in science, engineering, math, and education and our students could be a part of the FAU clubs. We attracted many young people because of that agreement. Lots of professors from FAU were adjuncts at PBCC and vice versa. We always had high standards at the South campus with an interesting, dynamic faculty.

Story
36

by Professor Stafford Mooney, history, associate academic dean

I taught at the beginning sites for both the North and South campuses in the 70s. It was a frontier existence at both places. The North was a cinderblock building on 45th Street we shared with FAU and a trailer with cubicles. We had a grate on the floor for an air vent and a new secretary. A snake came up through the grate, and the secretary was gone.

At the South campus, when we moved from night classes at FAU, we occupied Henderson Elementary on the FAU campus. Here they were, adults in little chairs, their knees in their faces, but it worked. When they moved our trailers from Henderson to the permanent site in Boca Raton, one of the trailers tipped over.

Every day was an adventure with a band of teachers. We had a wonderful time.

by Patricia A. Dyer, Ed. D., provost of South Campus

*Story
37*

As early as 1972, Florida Atlantic University asked PBCC to provide some lower division courses for university students. FAU in the beginning was one of several upper division institutions established in the state of Florida in the 60s. Many students were admitted there without needed lower division courses for their majors, especially in the sciences.

That was the beginning. By the time of the Southern Association's affirmation of accreditation visit in early 1981, PBCC's enrollment had grown and earned a recommendation in that visit to employ a head of campus which was titled provost. In the earliest years a team from Continuing Education, James Tanner and Harris McGirt, provided the direction for students and faculty at South Campus as an outreach location.

PBCC in 1981 had a substantial enrollment but no classrooms. Every course was offered in classrooms at FAU or at Henderson School in the evening. Faculty

members' offices were in trailers. The "campus" registrar's office was in a trailer. In August 1981, Dr. Patricia Dyer, reported for duty as the first provost. One of her earliest assignments was to secure a written agreement with FAU.

Enrollment continued to grow both for the community college and for the university. Classroom space was becoming critically short. PBCC purchased modular classrooms with the first being set in place in late 1982. Each year, more modular classrooms were secured. Today they number 20 or more.

However, community activists assisted the college by convincing the Legislature through the state community college offices that funding for permanent buildings was essential. With the serious efforts of the following provosts and the college president, Dr. Edward Eissey, over time several buildings were constructed. Today, it is a handsome campus.

by Ed Eissey, Ph.D., class of 1950, third president of Palm Beach Community College

Story
38

During the 19 years I was president, we changed the name of Palm Beach Junior College to Palm Beach Community College. “Junior” didn’t connote being something important, but the idea of a *community* college took off like a magician. I tried my best to show respect for everyone and to learn everyone’s name and call them by it so that they, in turn, would be kind to people. But the spirit of the institution is more than its president. It comes down to the faculty and the support people and the family relationship we tried to create. The image of the college is an abiding love for people and the generosity to provide them with what they need at the time they need it.

I’ll never forget the night Board of Trustee Homer Hand recommended naming our Palm Beach Gardens location the “Eissey campus.” It’s the only time I was ever speechless!

I can name you judges, attorneys, businessmen and entrepreneurs who went to PBCC. I cannot tell you what a vacuum would be created in this community without PBCC. It would be like losing both arms and legs.

by Richard E. Yinger, Ph.D., social science department chair, sociology professor

Story
39

In 1976, I submitted a paper to the Pennsylvania Sociological Society on a topic that I had been working on for a few years called “Exosociology.” I invented the term by combining Carl Sagan’s Exobiology with Sociology and defined it to mean the sociological study of the concept of life in outer space. I presented the paper and when I returned, I told Jonathon Koontz about it. He was the publicity director of the college and he submitted a story to the press about me and my Exosociology. “The Palm Beach Post” did a nice feature story on it, and I thought that would be the end of it.

A few weeks later I got a call from the *National Enquirer*. They wanted to do a feature story on Exosociology. The “hook” that they used was that Palm Beach Junior College had a professor who was teaching a class on how to greet aliens from outer space.

The story went wild after that. I started getting press from the wire services, newspapers and radio stations from all over the U.S. and even was visited by a reporter from a German magazine who spent a week following me around for a big story that hit Europe along with photos of my wife and I “waiting to welcoming aliens from outer space.”

Next I got a call from NASA and they said that William Shatner (Captain Kirk of “Star Trek”) was doing a movie and wanted NASA people to be in it, but they would only do it if I agreed to be in the movie also. So I went to Cape Kennedy and shot part of the movie as an interview with Shatner. It was called “Mysteries of the Gods.” It didn’t do so well, but it was a fun experience.

*Story
40*

by Associate Professor Allen Hamlin

We were going to a Phi Theta Kappa Convention in San Francisco and as we prepared to leave the convention, we gathered everything up. It was set up with all the displays, and we had taken someone’s art project. We were coming back and totally exhausted. As we were on the plane and it was taxiing and we were making sure we had everything, someone asked, “Well, what about so-and-so’s art project?” “Oh no! We never went back to the claim room. We left it … Oh well, too late.” And of course we then all realized that we left our art in San Francisco.



by Shaun M. Greenfield, class of 1990

Story
47

For me, PBCC brings memories of some of the best teachers I have ever had. The fact is, the whole time I was there, I don't recall any of my instructors being bad at teaching. While all were good, one was truly great — Robert Shaw. Robert taught various math classes at PBCC; I had him for two during one term. I remember that first day of class I walked into his algebra class a couple of hours after having him for trigonometry and he cocked his head and said, "Weren't you in my trig class?" "Yes," I replied. He said, "Boy, you sure are a glutton for punishment!"

I went on to have him for Calculus I as well. One thing that always struck me was his memory. He would ask everyone the second day of class to sit in different seats and as he took roll, he would point to the person and say, "Let's see ... yesterday you were sitting over there, and you ... there and ..." He was NEVER wrong! That impressive display of brain power garnered him instant respect with students, and his amazing teaching style combining pure math knowledge with humor made learning math much easier and, dare I say it, FUN.

Years later, many years later, I ran into him in a Publix Supermarket. He saw me, pointed and said, "Mr. Greenfield, right?" I said, "How could you ever forget?" We both laughed, had a little chat, and that was the last time I ever saw him.

I recently returned to PBCC to take Managerial Accounting, a pre-requisite to finishing my BS in Business at FAU. It is in no small part thanks to Robert Shaw that I am getting a BS instead of a BA. I have no idea if he is still with us — he was an older man when I had him back then. If he is, I am sure he's still teaching math to someone. If he's not, you can bet he knows everyone's name and where they sit.

*Story
42*

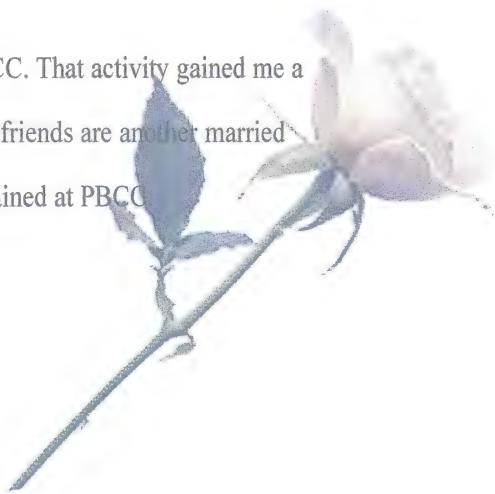
by Nancy Buhl, curriculum specialist

I began working at PBCC in 1976 and discovered that faculty and student groups do much for our community. The first major event that I experienced here was the campaign that had Dr. Eissey, et al. asking the community for tax dollars to do badly needed repairs at the college. I had many more experiences of college employees giving back to the college

and community. We didn't raise millions, but we sure poured our hearts into activities to help others. Whatever the goal, our groups were made up of staff employees from all areas of the college. We are a very diverse group of people privileged to work where we do appreciate our differences.

Some of our activities were the annual 5-mile run through John Prince Park, the International Festival, PBS-TV and Jerry Lewis Telethons, CPR festivals, fundraisers to help needy families for the holidays and fellow employees in need, and much more. There was also a time when many of us participated in intramural sports with the students.

My daughter bowled with me when she was a student at PBCC. That activity gained me a wonderful son-in-law and in time, two grandsons. Their best friends are another married couple who met at the college. Knowledge is not all that's gained at PBCC.





A New Era ... Reflections on Our Past: 1997-present

Story
43

by Ardease Johnson, employment manager and assistant to the President for equity programs

The hiring of President Dennis P. Gallon, Ph.D., was a shock to the majority of the staff. His packet of information on what he had done for the community college system was outstanding. But I thought it would never happen. The people on the committee put aside color. Dr. Gallon was known throughout the system. We had a black person who competed on his credentials. It was the highlight of my experience at PBCC.

Board of Trustee Betty King highlighted what the vision and mission of the College was and what Dr. Gallon had to offer, like he was the perfect person. She put all her cards on the table; her cards were his credentials and experience. Hers was a hard act to follow for the others.

After the Board of Trustees approved Dr. Gallon, I went to a meeting at my church. Afterwards, I hugged my pastor and said, "We have a black president at the college."

"Oh, no!" he said.

"Yes, we have!" I told him.

"No! Is he really black like me?" my pastor asked me.

"Yes!" I told him emphatically.

"No, he has to be light skinned...."

by Alice Duxbury, associate professor, English

Story
44

The computer has wrought the greatest possible change in our students. They do depend so very heavily on spell-check and on grammar-check, and they don't know the errors they are making.

Another thing I've noticed is that when we do papers in class, more of the writing is totally illegible. It's like they're not used to it. They're used to doing it on the computer. Quite a difference. They used to be so careful about what they did in class.

Also, now with computers, excuses for late papers have evolved from the old "The dog ate my paper" to "My pen went dry" to "My typewriter ribbon wore out" to "My computer crashed and I needed a new print cartridge and the stores were closed" to "My husband/wife/boyfriend/girlfriend erased all my files." That's progress for you.

by Associate Professor Allen Hamlin, associate professor, math, credit math department chair
(Central Campus), class of 1969

Story
45

One thing hit me several years ago. You're not always aware of the impact you have with students. A young student came to me and we were talking quite a while in my office. Honestly, I really don't remember the content, but it wasn't totally academic. She was sharing some personal concerns. So I listened and made a few comments. She came back a couple of months

later (by that time I had completely forgotten the conversation) and said, "You know, what you told me was exactly what I needed to hear and that just helped me so much." I was just amazed. It didn't seem like that much at the time.

It really drives home the impact you have, not just academically. To me, it was just common sense but it really seemed to help her. I hope I've helped others that way too.

by Rory Reese, alumni

Story
46

My husband and I are both alumni of PBCC. In fact, we met in a psychology class at PBCC (that is a story in and of itself!). My husband is definitely a success story. It took him seven years of attending PBCC to graduate, as he was working as a Lake Worth policeman and had to work shift work. He went on to get his baccalaureate degree in Criminal Justice and went on to become chief of police in Lake Worth. He devoted 21 years of his life to the Lake Worth Police Department (12 years as Chief). He served on the advisory board of the Watson B. Duncan Theatre and on many other boards while we lived in Palm Beach County.

We currently live in Tennessee, where he has been a police chief for nearly 10 years. This summer he will become President of the Tennessee Association of Chiefs of Police. We often look back fondly on our college days.

He often tells people if it weren't for PBCC, we would have never met (we have been married for nearly 27 years).

by Jo Ann Tucker Bamdas, PBCC alumni, English adjunct instructor

Story
47

I am proud to call myself a PBCC alum. Briefly, the Phi Theta Kappa ideals I learned (scholarship, leadership, service, and fellowship) while attending PBCC followed me to FAU. But perhaps more importantly, being a non-traditional student myself, I've experienced first hand the support and commitment the community college system in general and PBCC specifically offers its student population.

My involvement with Palm Beach Community College did not stop when I attained my A.A. degree. I maintained my contact with numerous instructors and administrators by participating in forums and classrooms both at PBCC and FAU. When I was at PBCC, I knew that I wanted to return to teach and re-involve myself with the Delta Omicron chapter of PTK. Therefore,



after receiving my M.A. degree from FAU, I immediately returned to PBCC to apply for an adjunct position. Thanks to the English department's David Duncan and Regina Dilgen, they were willing to give this new instructor an opportunity to teach.

It was while I was a student at PBCC that I realized I was finally able to fulfill my lifelong dream of becoming a teacher. Finally, in 2002 as an adjunct instructor, I was giving back to the community college that had done so much for me. All of the work that I've done while a student and instructor has been for all students, regardless of race, gender, class, or disability. My interest in literacy for adults began at this community college. The love of channeling learning and creating critical thinkers of immigrants, the disabled, and the diverse students returning to school to better their lives has motivated and driven my desire to teach.

I know that my deep desire to teach PBCC students and my ongoing relationships with Allen Hamlin, Bill Graham, Dan O'Connell, Susan Caldwell, and others will keep the material and programs fresh, diverse, inspiring, and informative, garnering PBCC and its future alumni satisfaction and pleasure that they and I had chosen Palm Beach Community College as our first home of higher education.

by Amy Felmley, adjunct instructor

Story
48

I teach a night class in anthropology. I have been privileged to have many students over the years who are returning to school after a long absence. For several, mine is the first and only class they are taking to ease themselves back in to college. I have immensely enjoyed encouraging and supporting them. In every case, I have been rewarded by hearing them say they feel good about being back in school and they look forward to further studies and applying what they have learned in the “real world.”

From Student to Faculty Emeritus

by Alma M. Harrell, R.N., Med., MSN, Faculty Emeritus, class of 1963

Story
49

My career as a nurse and nursing educator was launched as a 1963 A.S. degree graduate from the nursing department. Palm Beach Community College gave me the educational background that enabled me to earn graduate degrees later in my career.

PBCC was one of the first associate degree nursing programs in the country, and the early graduates were coined the “two-year wonders” by older nurses who were determined that it took three years to “train” a nurse. Since the beginning of the program in 1959, hun-

dreds of PBCC's. "two-year wonders" have graduated and become very successful in the nursing profession in our community.

After several years working in the nursing profession and teaching in a practical nursing program, I returned to PBCC as a faculty member in 1977. I remained a faculty member and also served as department chair until my retirement in 2001. Yes, PBCC expects more, but also gives more. PBCC has successfully contributed to the community and the profession by graduating qualified nurses. Thank you, PBCC.

by Professor Jim Tanner, dean of academic affairs, South campus, retired

Story
50

Traditionally, PBCC's role in the community was to provide opportunity for anybody who wanted education beyond high school, but primarily purely academically to move you on to a four-year degree. Now, PBCC plays not only that role, but a role for people wanting to develop employable skills. PBCC puts into the economy a tremendous amount of money, even outside of a workforce. Now, it's more of an economic force.